

The Storm by [orphan_account](#)

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Summary:

Will gets stuck in the middle of a storm, Mike and Nancy come to the rescue. Mike patches Will up in the bathroom.

The Storm

“Major storms are said to hit Hawkins at about 7:45 pm tonight, giving anyone still out on the road about an hour to get home or take shelter. The roads will be very slick, and staying indoors is advised.”

Will stood outside of the Wheeler’s garage, zipping up his vest as the weather man talked on the radio. The rain had already started, but it wasn’t much more than a drizzle.

“Are you really sure you want to go home on your own? It could get serious.”

Mike asked, looking up at the grey sky. It didn’t look too dangerous to him.

“Trust me, I’ll be home real quick. You don’t need to worry the storm.” Will assured Mike as he hopped up onto his bike.

“Just be careful around Mirkwood.” Mike said. Will nodded as rode away into the darkening grey, slowly getting out of sight. He could take care of himself. At least... Mike hoped so.

Mike wasn’t sure how many minutes it had been, or if it was only seconds after he’d walked through the front door that he was already rushing back out into the garage, Nancy trailing angrily behind him. It was incredible how fast the storm was able to go from a drizzle to what felt like a hurricane.

“Mike, I swear, if you’re responsible for Will getting hurt in any way shape or form, I am literally going to kill you.”

Mike pulled his hood over and zipped his jacket up.

“I get it, I get it, jeez, I can go find him myself, he’s probably like a block away.”

He wasn’t very happy with his current situation. The moment he

walked through the door, Nancy started yelling at him for letting Will go home, saying Jonathan called and asked her to keep Will at their house until the storm passed. And now they were both outside in the pouring rain to find Will and bring him safely back to their home.

With the car not available, Nancy had to grab her old bike from the garage and cycle in the direction of Will's house with Mike following closely behind.

Even though Mike knew Will was capable of taking care of himself, he was still worried they wouldn't find him. It wouldn't be the first time he went missing, and the storm really was getting scary, even for a kid his age.

Mike switched on his bike's light as they made their way slowly and carefully down the slick road. The wind didn't blow past them, but seemed to push them down the road, trying to knock the two down or lead them into the woods. It made Mike feel even more anxious, knowing that Will was smaller than him, and not as strong.

"Do you think he's okay?" Mike yelled over the sound of rain. Nancy kept her gaze straight forward, focused.

"He's fine. Worst case scenario, he's already home and we have to bike back to our house in the rain." Nancy assured her brother, peering through the thick veil of fog and rainfall. The two continued on down the path, a growing sense of slight dread falling over them. The further they got, the higher chance there was that... something happened.

Mike took his hand away from the handles for a moment and wiped water from his face.

He looked up for only a moment, but hit something in front of him. Mike yelped as he fell from his bike onto the road.

"Shit, Mike are you okay?" Nancy yelled. Mike sat up straight and rubbed his head. He looked in front of him and saw two eyes staring back. They were partially covered with short hair, wet and sticking to a face.

"Will?"

"Mike? Nancy?"

Mike smiled and let out a sigh of relief.

“Found him!”

Nancy got off her bike and pointed Mike’s light at the boys. It was definitely Will, but he didn’t look good. At all. With the light focused on him, Nancy could see that his bike was on the ground, Will looked like he had been sitting with his chin tucked into his knees. And from the bloody scrapes on his palms and cheek, it looked like he had fallen while biking home, maybe hit his head if he just stopped in the middle of the road.

Nancy knelt down by Will and looked over his head for bruises or cuts.

“You okay, Will? You didn’t hit your head, did you?”

Will shook his head and wiped his face off, seeing blood from his cheek when he looked down. His eyes widened but Nancy placed a hand on his shoulder and smiled.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay, just get on your bike and we’ll all go back to the house, alright?”

Will looked over at his bike and frowned.

“I-I can’t. “

As Nancy and Mike’s gaze shifted to the bike, they saw that one of the tires had been popped. There wouldn’t be a way to get it home by the time things got too dangerous. Will instead rode with Mike, the way he and Eleven used to.

Mike kept the light on Nancy as she led the way back to the Wheeler’s. Will leaned into Mike’s back and held on to his friend’s shoulders. He felt a comfort being close to his friend knowing he would be safe soon. On the strange ride back, in between two feelings of immense safety and danger, he tried to forget everything he heard and saw when he crashed. Loud noises, pounding rain, crashing thunder, horrible shadows cast on trees. And the fear... the fear was the worst. The fear he felt, looking down at a fresh cut bloody palm. The monster could smell him. Even if trapped somewhere else, it

knew where he was, and waited patiently for his return to the disgusting upside-down.

Nancy and the boys had safely returned to the house and were currently in the upstairs bathroom with a box of bandages, pills, and peroxide. Nancy pulled out a roll of bandages while Mike turned on the sink. Will Sat on the bathroom counter looking down at his hand. It still stung like heck. The scrapes on his face weren't much better. He had forgotten how bad it hurt to fall straight onto gravel.

Mike looked over Will's shoulder at his hands. The pale skin had been damaged and dirtied by the storm, along with his clothes.

"I hope it doesn't hurt too bad." Mike said frowning at the blood. Will shook his head.

"Oh, no, it's not so bad." he lied. Mike smiled.

"Awesome, Will gimme your hand." Nancy said, holding up the roll of bandages. Will did as he was told and Nancy wrapped his hand up carefully. Mike watched Will's face, and every time he winced slightly, Mike felt a prick of worry in his chest.

As she was about to clean Will's face, Holly started crying in the other room.

"Oh crap. Mike, clean Will up would you? I'll be right back." Nancy said, throwing the washcloth and soap to Mike as she ran to Holly's room. Mike stared at Will and his eyes darted to the floor.

"You're not scared are you?" Mike asked. Will shook his head and laughed nervously.

"What, no! I'm not a baby." He said, sitting up a little straighter on the counter. Mike laughed.

“Okay, okay. Come on, scoot a little closer, I’ll get the blood off your face.”

Will moved himself closer to the sink and bit his lip. He felt oddly nervous being alone with Mike. He’d never really figured out why, or maybe he just didn’t want to know why, Because he didn’t want Mike to know why.

“Ow!” Will yelped as he felt the washcloth on his cheek. The water stung, and pulled him right out of his thoughts. Mike jerked his hand back and stared at Will wide-eyed.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry! Was it too hot?” He asked, turning on the cold water. Will nodded.

“Yeah, sorry, I-I wasn’t paying attention, it was just...” he trailed off as Mike was already getting a new cloth ready with cooler water. Will sighed and felt his face. It was warm, but not from the water. He quickly checked his face in the mirror, but the pink glow that spread over his nose, cheeks, and ears was fading already. Nobody would notice, he told himself silently.

“Here, this should be better.” Mike said, holding out the damp washcloth for Will to touch. He felt it and nodded, smiling shyly. Mike brought it up to Will’s face and gently pressed it to the cut. Will squeezed his eyes shut for a moment, but opened them slowly after a bit, when the quick pain of contact turned into a cool, soothing touch. They were both quiet as the blood was cleared from Will’s face, replaced with comfort and softness.

Mike smiled once he was done and handed Will a hand towel. Will took it and dried his cheek gently, not taking his eyes off of the other boy in the small room. His kindness and innocence made Will look at him with such admiration. He was so lucky to have this person as a friend. So lucky and so selfish for wishing they could be more than that. And in this one instance, he could at least pretend they were, when Mike touched his face, the look in his eyes...

“H-Hey Mike, could you maybe put the.. the... what’s it called...”

"The neosporin?" Mike asked, pointing to the little tube of antibiotic.

"Yeah." Will said nodding quickly. "Could you put that on it?"

Mike raised an eyebrow, but didn't complain.

"Yeah, sure, if you think it'll help."

Will cursed himself again silently. He was just adding onto a fantasy that would never come true. He was never going to be anything more than friends. He was only feeding into delusions. But maybe he didn't care at this point, and only wanted to believe for a moment, even if it wasn't true, that maybe, just maybe, there was a tiny chance.

Mike lifted his hand and held Will's face steady. Will looked right into Mike's eyes this time, he couldn't help it. He needed to, just once. Mike caught him staring and look surprised for a minute but seemed unable to move... until he started to lean forward. It happened in slow motion, but was too fast at the same time. He got closer and closer, and Will wasn't sure when he closed his eyes, but only knew that he did, and he felt soft lips on his, and he felt warm, and cool and safe, and there were so many thoughts that were stopped short and he didn't care.

He opened his eyes slowly when he felt Mike pull away. He stared at his friend in disbelief. He even blinked three times to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

"Mike, I-"

"Okay, Holly finally calmed down!" Nancy said, opening the bathroom door. She had Holly in one arm and a stuffed bear in the other.

"She got scared of the thunder." Nancy smiled slightly and turned her attention to the boys.

"You got Will all cleaned up?" She asked. Mike glanced at Will and turned back to Nancy,

"Uh... mm-hmm." He nodded slowly. Will looked down and did his very best to hide the grin on his lips and the pink that fell over his

face. The scrapes didn't hurt so bad anymore.